

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 16.

Boston, February, 1884.

No. 9.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will TRY to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, and our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, songs, &c. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

Rhode Island.

Mr. F. Denison, Secretary of R. I. Society, who is pushing Bands of Mercy in R. I. schools, writes that through Mr. J. Erastus Lester, Superintendent of Public Schools in Johnston, Bands have been already formed in five schools, and probably will be in all the twenty-one schools of the town.

Mr. Lester's interest came from the kind act of Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, of Portsmouth, R. I., in subscribing for over 300 copies of "Our Dumb Animals," for one year, to be distributed to the school officers of the State.

Cincinnati.

Our friends the Ohio Society P. C. A., have given Mr. Timmins a royal Western welcome. They have taken his hand with a warm Western grasp, and put their shoulders to the wheel with him. President Frazer and the Superintendent of Public Schools have been taking him from school to school.

Already he has organized a large number of Bands of Mercy with about 20,000 members. The great High School has contributed about 800. In addition to the 600 badges taken by Mr. Timmins, President Frazer has ordered in the past week, by two telegrams, 7,000 more. Our friends elsewhere who are delayed in getting badges must excuse us. When Cincinnati alone orders 7,000 in one week, with our present facilities of manufacture we cannot keep up with the demand.

"Tis not by Eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow,—how slowly;
But Westward look, the land is bright."

But the "Band of Mercy" sun is climbing pretty fast both East and West.

EDITOR.

W. T. B. Jefferson, Secretary of the Springfield, Missouri, Band of Mercy, writes, "Our Society is proving a grand success."

New Bands of Mercy.

Boston. Messiah's Church, Shawmut Avenue, Band of Mercy.

P. Rev. Martin Stutzman.
S. Miss M. Daggett.
T. Joseph E. Ballou.

Boston. Second Advent Church Band of Mercy.

P. James A. Gardner.
S. Mrs. Abbie Young.
T. W. A. Duncanson.

East Boston. Church of the Most Holy Redeemer Band of Mercy.

P. Rev. Father L. P. McCarthy.

East Boston. St. John's Church Band of Mercy.

P. Rev. N. H. Chamberlain.

Cambridgeport. Honor Bright Band of Mercy.

P. Arthur Bullard.
S. Walter Odiorne.
T. Gracie Forbes.

South Lincoln, Mass. St. Ann's Church Band of Mercy.

P. B. H. Giles.
S. M. C. Baker.

Washington, D. C. Columbia Band of Mercy.

P. Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, D. D.
S. S. W. Russell.
T. E. M. Truell.

Washington, D. C. Gove Band of Mercy.

P. H. L. Jenison.
S. George W. Knotts.
T. Lizzie Blashland.

The American Teachers' Bands of Mercy.

29. Monticello, Iowa. Monticello Band of Mercy.
P. Ida J. Platt.
S. Berta Soetje.
30. Wilsonburg, Ill. Farmers' Justice to All Band of Mercy.
P. Sherman Dewherst.
S. Corn Jackson.
31. Laporte, Indiana. Children's Band of Mercy.
P. & S. Edith Williams.
32. Alton, Ill. Alton Band of Mercy.
P. & S. Brilla C. Hudson.
33. Charlotte, Mich. Charlotte Band of Mercy.
P. Harriet S. Ailing.
S. Mabel Hayden.
34. Cisco, Ill. West Cisco Band of Mercy.
P. Charles Jones.
S. Marion McArdy.
35. Newbern, Ind. Olive Branch Band of Mercy.
P. Geo. Sand.
S. Grant Fogle.
36. Rummerville, Pa. Woodland Band of Mercy.
P. Frankie Hill.
S. Lennie Depre.
37. Plattsburg, N. Y. Little Men and Women's Band of Mercy.
P. Peter Neelan.
S. Emma Bordeau.
38. Plattsburg, N. Y. Elizabeth Street School Band of Mercy.
P. Emma Beaulieu.
S. Gertrude Ellenwood.
39. Newark, N. J. Central Avenue Public School No. 1 Band of Mercy.
P. M. E. Morgan.
S. Wm. Lawrence.
40. Newark, N. J. Central Avenue Public School No. 2 Band of Mercy.
P. M. J. Dean.
S. Leily Hendricks.
41. Newark, N. J. Central Avenue Public School No. 3 Band of Mercy.
P. B. Lambson.
S. Fannie Smith.
42. Newark, N. J. Central Avenue Public School No. 4 Band of Mercy.
P. A. M. Fletcher.
S. Frank Becker.
43. Johnston, R. I. School No. 1 Band of Mercy.
P. Abbie D. Day.
44. Johnston, R. I. School No. 2 Band of Mercy.
P. Florence Webb.
45. Hastings, Minn. Hastings Band of Mercy.
P. Louise Walters.
S. Willie B. Heath.
46. Long Branch, N. J. North Long Branch Band of Mercy.
P. Mrs. J. I. Morris.
S. Lottie Porter.
T. Beulah West.

47. Springfield, Mass. Elm Street School No. 6 Band of Mercy.
P. Lizzie J. Steele.
48. Clifton Heights, Pa. Fair Haven Band of Mercy.
P. Thomas Pyott.
S. Laura Hill.
49. Rochester, N. Y. Orphan Asylum Band of Mercy.
P. Mrs. H. P. Knight.
S. Miss M. F. Snow.
50. Johnston, R. I. School No. 3 Band of Mercy.
P. Martha J. Hopkins.
51. Johnston, R. I. School No. 4 Band of Mercy.
P. Abbie M. Bowen.
52. Danville, Ill. Emerald Band of Mercy.
P. Cora Terry.
S. Mary C. Lindsey.
53. Milton, Mass.
54. Milton, Mass.
55. West Las Animas, Colorado. Public School Band of Mercy.
P. John W. Powers.
S. Minnie Culoct.
56. Milton, Mass.
57. Wilmington, Del. Froebel Band of Mercy.
P. C. H. Rust.
S. Ida V. Hawkins.
58. Johnston, R. I. School No. 5 Band of Mercy.
P. Grace L. B. Sweet.
59. Johnston, R. I. School No. 6 Band of Mercy.
P. Kate E. Bode.
60. Johnston, R. I. School No. 7 Band of Mercy.
P. Caroline S. Sweet.
61. Winnetka, Ill. Winnetka Band of Mercy.
P. Florence Belden.
S. Mabel Thorne.
62. Moss Point, Miss. Moss Point Band of Mercy.
P. Bessie Borden.
S. Eddie Blake.
63. Johnston, R. I. School No. 8 Band of Mercy.
P. Miss Fannie A. Pierce.
64. Dorset, Vt. Dorset Band of Mercy.
P. Worth H. Reed.
S. Samuel Dunton.
65. Garrett's Bend, West Va. Trace Fork Band of Mercy.
P. W. C. Holstein.
S. T. J. Neal.
66. Newbern, Ind. Newbern Band of Mercy.
P. D. McCallie.
S. J. B. Crisler.
67. Johnston, R. I. School No. 9 Band of Mercy.
P. Harriet A. Winsor.
68. Johnston, R. I. School No. 10 Band of Mercy.
P. Florence A. Davis.
69. Wilmington, Mass. High School Band of Mercy.
P. Bernard F. Doucette.

Be Polite.

Hearts like doors will ope with ease
To two very little keys;
But don't forget the two are these;
"I thank you sir," and "If you please."

Be polite, boys; don't forget it,
In your wandering day by day,
When you work and when you study,
In your home and at your play.

Be polite, boys, to each other—
Do not quickly take offence,
Curb your temper—you'll be thankful
For this habit seasons hence;
Be respectful to the aged,
And this one thing bear in mind;
Never taunt the wretched outcast,
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents,
Never let them fail to hear
From their sons the best of language
In the home you should hold dear;
To your brothers and your sisters
Speak in accents kind and true—
Be polite, 'twill serve you better
Than a princely gift can do.

—N. Y. Ledger.

The Birds of Killingworth.

WITH PANTOMIMIC REPRESENTATION.

As arranged by members of the Pioneer Band of Mercy of Missouri, and presented by them at their Anniversary Meeting, Dec. 6, 1893.

(Reader standing on a small separate platform at the left and in front of the stage. Curtain rises, revealing birds' house and sheaf of wheat, on the front of the stage.)



READER.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said:
'Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!'

ILLUSTRATION.—Bird-music, continuing two or three minutes, produced by a bird-whistle (Secor's American Songster) out of sight. *Curtain falls*, bird-music continuing as stage is re-arranged.

Curtain rises, revealing bird-house, etc., at back of stage.

READER.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

PANTOMIME.—Enter at the left, three boys dressed as farmers. They cross the stage, sowing seed, then reverse. Are startled by hearing the "caw, caw, caw" of the crow, and act their emotions. The boy nearest the front stops, picks up an imaginary stone, and hurls it at the imaginary crow. They pass on, sowing seed, and leave the stage at the left. *Curtain falls*.

READER.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mall upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Curtain rises, revealing scarecrow. *Curtain falls*.
Curtain rises revealing stage arranged for town-meeting.

READER.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
'A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!'

PANTOMIME.—(Characters in this scene enter at rear right-hand corner of stage.) Enter Squire, walks about the stage representing his proper character, and takes the most prominent seat.

READER.

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere.

PANTOMIME.—Enter Parson, walks about and takes a seat near the Squire.

READER.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed with reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

PANTOMIME.—Enter Preceptor, who acts as described, and takes a less prominent seat.

READER.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neckcloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

PANTOMIME.—Enter Deacon, acting his character, and taking a seat near the Squire.

READER.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round,
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

PANTOMIME.—Enter farmers.—Two of these successively address the meeting in pantomime, each being greeted at closing with waving of hats and apparent vociferous cheers.

READER.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

PRECEPTOR.

'Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city.
The birds who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

'The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

'You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable brains.

'Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

'Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love,
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

'Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

* We are indebted to the Century Co., publishers of the admirable illustrated magazine for young folks, *St. Nicholas*, for the privilege of using the pretty cut that adorns "The Birds of Killingworth."

Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

'What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

'You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

'How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?

PANTOMIME representing the following lines, the reading of which is omitted:

"With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves."

Curtain falls.

Curtain rises. (Stage arranged with trees and overhanging branches.)

READER.

The birds were doomed; and as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began:
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded, crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

PANTOMIME.—Enter at the left three ladies with bits of bright-colored chenille pinned lightly to their garments. They cross from left to right and reverse, acting their part, and brushing the caterpillars from each other's clothing.

READER.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

PANTOMIME.—Four farmers cross the stage two and two (left to right and reverse,) in solemn consultation. In returning, one stops, stands facing the audience apparently in deep meditation. *Curtain falls.*

READER.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame
The illumined pages of his Doom's-day Book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

[THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.]

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard.

Curtain rises.

TABLEAU.—The wagon, conforming to the description as well as may be. *Bird music.*

Curtain falls.

READER.

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Curtain rises.

TABLEAU.—The wedding. Preceptor, Almira, and Parson.

Curtain falls.

Curtain rises again, and the Preceptor and Almira, accompanied by bird-music and piano, sing the duet, "Listen to the woodbird's song," words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover.

NOTE.—In every instance the acting follows, and does not accompany, the reading of the appropriate portion of the poem.

Wild Animals in Winter.

BY PRESIDENT CHADBOURNE.

The second of nature's methods of preserving animal life is by hibernation. The lower animals, as insects and some reptiles, become to all appearance entirely dormant, live without essential change during the cold of winter, and wake to active life only when food is again ready for them. Others, like the woodchuck, after growing fat on the abundant food of autumn, roll themselves up in nests and sleep. Vital action is lowered, they consume but little oxygen and live upon the stores of fat with which they went into winter quarters. The black bear generally hibernates in caves and under old tree tops, but he is never so sleepy that he is not ready for a battle if disturbed; and farther south he does not hibernate at all. In New England he grows fat on green corn, roots and nuts in the fall, and so has had the credit of growing fat by "sucking his paws." This old notion is only another illustration of theories in mechanic life that something can come from nothing. The truth about the bear is that he grows thin every day he lies in his den.

The third general method of preserving the species through winter is by migration as best seen among birds, but practised also by some of the higher mammals. As the autumn advances many of the smaller birds from our midst and from the far North quietly make their way South to find warm weather and new stores of food for the winter months. Others assemble in flocks and seem to have grave consultations over the projected journey. The metallic note of the wild goose comes to us from among the clouds as night and day the flocks wend their way in long lines to the south. Long before they appear with us, they collect their broods in the lakes and bays near their breeding places and seem to be organizing for the long flight which most of them are to take for the first time to a land that most of them have never seen; for of every flock that starts from those northern resting places, the larger part are young and have never flown but a few miles before they commence their long flight to an unknown land. They follow their leader, it is said. When did the first leaders learn the way? We have seen them in the bays of Newfoundland gathering like a great army, practicing for days, and then one flock after another separates itself from the great host and follows its chosen leader to the south. They return in spring even while snow and ice abound, to be ready for the opening of the short northern summer. In the long days of the north and by the unmolested lakes and bays of Newfoundland and Labrador, they find the best conditions for rearing their young.

Howling Dogs.

Many weary and wakeful persons find in the howling of dogs by night a persistent, widespread and most annoying form of irritation. The owners of dogs given to spend the hours of darkness in assiduous howling appear generally to regard with a serene personal imperturbability the noisy nuisance which makes night hideous for their neighbors.

Nevertheless, those who keep dogs, especially those who do so in populous places, ought to feel bound to take the simple precautions that alone are necessary to prevent a troublesome form of vexation, which is really a serious source of inconvenience and loss of rest, and possibly a loss of health, to very many people.

To the honest bark of a watch dog, giving warning tongue upon suitable occasion, no one would object, but the purposeless and unending howling of the chained curs which are especially prevalent in the suburbs of towns, is simply intolerable. It is not necessary to exterminate dogs to put an end to the annoyance in question. The nuisance is perfectly preventable by the adoption of a few simple and sensible measures, which, so far from injuring the offending animals, tend to give them length of days by conducing to their contentment.

Those who have had experience in keeping dogs know that these animals will not howl at night if they be comfortable. If dogs, instead of being cruelly chained up out of doors, in kennels which are often draughty and damp, be allowed to have their liberty by day, and to lie within the house at night, they will generally sleep through the night in perfect quietness. Or, if it be necessary to keep a dog chained by day, he ought to be left loose at night, when it will be found that he will retire quietly to his kennel, and abstain from howling, especially if he be furnished with some fresh hay or a clean mat for a bed.

In warm weather, dogs often howl simply because they want water.

Many dogs howl at night because they are kept constantly chained both by night and by day. This is a common and most reprehensible form of cruelty. Dogs so treated are sure to be restless and irritable, and can scarcely be healthy.

—Golden Days.

The howling of a dog at night is not the fault of the dog, but it is the fault of his master.

—Ed.

How to Disappoint a Balking Horse.

[Fitchburg Sentinel.]

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood-lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned, got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel and is better for both horse and man than to beat the animal with a club."

—Without compassion for animals, there can be no perfect education, no truly good heart.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, February, 1884.

The January Meeting of Directors

Was held on Wednesday the 16th. President Angell in the chair. Remarks were made and a resolution passed relating to the death of Mrs. Iasigi.

The President reported 126 complaints examined during the month. A party had been fined \$10 in one of the city Courts for smearing a rat with kerosene and setting it on fire. Action had been taken to prevent unreasonable legislation against dogs. Nearly 100 new Bands of Mercy had been formed in the past month, over 50 of them in public schools, the whole number being now about 700 with about 82,000 members. Seven thousand badges were ordered by Cincinnati in the past week.

Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., was chosen Acting President in the absence of Mr. Angell at Philadelphia and Washington.

Mrs. Joseph Iasigi.

At the January monthly meeting of Directors, Mr. Angell, after announcing the death of Mrs. Iasigi, said:

It is with deep regret I am compelled to announce the death, on Dec. 27th, of this excellent lady, for nearly nine years a most faithful and respected director of this Society. It was through her influence that on Sept. 21st, 1882, was formed in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Parochial School at Lynn, the first "Roman Catholic" Band of Mercy on this Continent, and perhaps in the world. Let us hope that her immortal spirit may still, through coming ages, take part in the work so dear to her in this earthly life where we shall no more hear her kind and cheerful words.

Mr. Sawyer followed with this tender tribute to her worth:

Since our last meeting a member of this board has passed away—one whose memory we all cherish with affectionate remembrance.

While we sincerely express our regrets at the loss we have sustained:—while we miss her benignant face, her welcome presence here, engaged in the humane work of this Society;—how much more deeply will her loss be felt in her large family circle;—in her coterie of attached friends, and in the broader field of charity and church influence, for she was a Christian woman whose heart and hand were ever ready to "bind the wounded, and feed the poor;" besides this she was deeply interested in the cause of the suffering dumb animals;—in a word, the light of her Christian influence followed in her footsteps.

In order to place upon record our appreciation of her character and usefulness, I wish to submit this resolution for your approval.

Resolved: That we sincerely lament the death of Mrs. Joseph Iasigi, who was for many years a valued member of our board of Directors; whose sympathy for the dumb creatures was always active; whose kindly influence in keeping alive this spirit in others was widely felt; and one, the memory of whose noble example, we shall cherish with the highest regard, and with sincere affection.

Cincinnati.

Papers speak in praise of the addresses given by Mr. Timmins and President Abner L. Frazer, at the annual meeting of the Ohio Society, Jan. 4.

The Society has received during the year, \$6,490.53 and expended \$4,425.20. The past year has been the most active ever known. It commences the publication of a monthly paper called "The Humane Protector," and the following officers are elected for the ensuing year:

President, Abner L. Frazer; vice president, Dr. W. W. Dawson; treasurer, John Simpkinson; secretary, O. B. Todhunter; attorney, C. C. Davis; directors, D. W. McClung, Wm. L. Perkins, Dr. G. W. Bowler, Dr. A. T. Keckeler, John B. Peaslee, Hamilton Cummings, Morris S. Shipley, Thos. Gibson, Mrs. Davies Wilson, Mrs. I. Newton Stanger, Mrs. L. Dibble, Mrs. T. G. Smith, Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols, Mrs. Thomas Gibson, Mrs. Peter G. Thompson, Mrs. Joseph Aub.

We are glad to hear from Mrs. A. F. Blain of Hyde Park, Illinois, of the great success of the "Band of Mercy" she has established there.

Mr. Angell at Philadelphia and Washington.

January 18th Mr. Angell addressed 800 of the Philadelphia Police with 32 officers in the beautiful Association Hall, Philadelphia, the first time in the world probably that such a body of police were ever addressed on "Kindness to Animals." Mr. Angell writes us that it was not only a splendid but a most enthusiastic audience. Excellent shorter addresses were made by Mrs. Richard P. White, President of the Penn. Women's Society, who on behalf of that Society presented to two of the police, solid gold medals for humane services during the past year; also by Geo. H. Earle, Esq., a very prominent and highly respected lawyer of the city, and Ex-Mayor Daniel M. Fox, who presided. Excellent music was given by the Germania Orchestra. The Women's Society of Philadelphia deserve great credit for leading all the rest of our Societies in thus bringing the subject before so large a body of police.

Mr. Angell is now at Washington for a week, where he will give addresses before the Students of Howard University, Wayland Seminary, and probably other week day meetings; also in three churches on Sunday.

Dogs.

The following letter was sent by Mr. Angell to Hon. Alvan Barrus, Jan. 12:

Boston, January 12, 1884.

Hon. Alvan Barrus,
Chairman of Joint Committee on Agriculture.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to most respectfully represent to your honorable committee, that there are, to the best of my information, from 100,000 to 150,000 owners of dogs in this Commonwealth.

Including their families, there are very likely half a million of our people who have a deep interest in the welfare of dogs.

Permit me to most respectfully request of your honorable committee, in case laws of increased severity against dogs are contemplated during this session of the Legislature, that a public hearing may be granted, and that I may have a few days previous notice, so that our citizens who are interested in dogs may be present to speak in their behalf.

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Grand Band of Mercy Day.

Saturday, Dec. 29th, was "Grand Band of Mercy" day at our Foreign Exhibition. There was an attendance of about 7,000. Nothing finer has been witnessed in Boston this winter than the singing in the magnificent hall, of our Band of Mercy hymns by the children with full Band and the great organ accompaniment, to the tunes of "America" and "Glory Hallelujah." It was a proud day for those who have interest in the "Bands of Mercy."

How can children help a sick, starved or suffering horse they meet on the street?

1st.—By stopping and speaking to him in a kind tone of voice.

Animals know almost as well as humans the tone of your voice and when you speak kindly.

2nd.—By telling each other within hearing of the driver, how much you pity the horse.

3rd.—By writing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and giving the name of the owner or driver, or the number on the cart or wagon.

To all, whether they be Christians or not, who would aid in promoting the highest welfare of our common country, we say:

"There's a fount about to stream;
There's a light about to beam;
There's a warmth about to glow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!"

Washington Echoes.

A revival of interest in the work of caring for our domestic animals is unmistakably abroad in Washington. A bill to ease up the work of the street car horses has been put upon the first stage of its passage in Congress, and at the annual meeting of the Society held on the 12th inst., several new committees were elected with a view to a great deal more effective work in the time to come, then formerly. All the old workers who have not removed from the city, or "gone over to the majority," are struggling as hard as ever, and winning a rapidly increasing number of new recruits. An adult "Band of Mercy," to be known as the Columbia Band, was organized on the 5th inst., Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, D. D., of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, is President, Mr. E. M. Truell, Treasurer, and S. W. Russell, Secretary. The silver notes of Dr. Bartlett's electrifying address in Foundry Church, before the meeting of the American Humane Association, are still ringing up and down our avenues with telling effect. Rev. Alexander Kent and his staff in the church, corner "L" and Thirteenth streets, organized a Band of Mercy to-day, and named it, by unanimous voice of the children, "The Gove Band of Mercy," in honor of one of their teachers, Mr. Wm. B. Gove, a kindly old gentleman, of whom the little folks are very fond. The Superintendent, Mr. H. S. Jenison is President, Master George Walter Knotts, Secretary, and Miss Lizzie Blasland, Treasurer. They have ordered badges and lesson books.

Grandmother's Story.

A fine old dog was Major,
And a brave old dog was he;
He watched the house,
And he watched the barn,
And he watched the children, three.

His master was a farmer,
And a prosperous farmer he;
So, oft to the market town he rode
To sell his hay, and sell his load
Of butter and cheese, turnips and peas,
And all the vegetables one ever sees
On any citizen's table.

One day, the farmer went away,
The farmer's wife, at home did stay,
And all the children three;
The hired man to the forest went,
To bring the wood for the kitchen fire,
With oxen strong, that never tire.

The farmer's wife to the barn then runs,
To find some eggs for the children's buns;
And to old Major she did say
"You, with the children, here must stay
And keep them from all harm."

So forth she went; her search was long,
Careless her heart, and blithe her song,
For well she knew no harm could come
To the children three,
Or house or yard,
While Major was on guard.

With basket filled, as back she hied,
Upon the kitchen floor, she spied
A man, held fast by Major.
"Call off your dog!" he begged and cried;
"Not so, not so," she then replied,
"You have some treasure stolen."

"No thing have I stolen, have done naught for blame,

Since quietly, into your house, I came
To ask for a drink of water,
Your dog is ugly, he has no right
To hold me here with his savage might."

"He will hold you there, in spite of me,
Until, from your pocket, he shall see
Replaced, what you have stolen."
Then, from his pocket forth he drew
A silver spoon, all bright and new,
He from the shelf had taken.

Old Major, then, released his hold,
And the thief went out, feeling much less bold
Then when he entered the farmhouse door;
And Major's mistress, until she was old,
Over and over, the story told
To children, grandchildren and many more,
Of her good and faithful Major.

Wenham, Mass.

—Salem Gazette.

My Stone Dog.

"Did I ever tell you about my stone dog?" asked Biggs.

They all declared that he never did.

"Well," said Biggs, "I had more fun out of that dog than any man ever got out of a dozen live dogs. When I bought my place, you know, I looked about for something to ornament the grounds with, and I happened to hit upon a fellow who had a big stone dog that he was willing to sell cheap. I didn't suppose then that I was going to get so much fun out of the thing; if I had anticipated one-tenth part of the sport that was in store for me, I would have given three times as much as I did rather than not get the critter.

"I had the dog planted near the farther end of the front walk, so that he could be seen from the street gate, and where he looked for all the world just like a dog of flesh and blood taking a quiet nap. I didn't think much about him at first, except to flatter myself that his presence gave a sort of tone to my establishment, suggesting to the passer-by that a man who could afford a stone dog must have a pocketful of rocks, you know.

"But one evening I was sitting at the front window, enjoying my pipe, when I saw a pedler stop at my gate. He opened it half-way, gave a little start, shut it again very carefully, tiptoed for a rod or two, and then ran off as though the Old Harry was after him. I couldn't understand this for a minute or two; finally I thought of that stone dog. Then it came to me what a treasure I possessed.

"And that was only the beginning of the fun. I suppose during that week I saw no less than a dozen fellows go through the same pantomime. Before this my establishment had appeared to be a favorite house of call to all the beggars, pedlers, old clo' dealers and organ grinders in the country. Now they all stopped at the gate. Not one of them ventured inside. It would have done your soul good to see the frightened critters stop short, and then go off on the double-quick.

"I guess it got noised among the transient fraternity that Biggs kept a dog with a ravenous appetite for pedlers and beggars. At all events, there wasn't one came near the house after that dog had been there two or three weeks. The last one I saw was an old lady. From her persistency, I reckon she was taking up subscriptions for a church fair or something of that sort. She opened the gate, and then waited apparently to see if that dog meant business. As the dog didn't spring at her, she opened her umbrella with a rush, thinking to frighten him away. But that dog didn't scare worth a cent. Then she tried the coaxing dodge. 'Doggy,' she called in persuasive tones, 'poor doggy, nice doggy, Carlo, Rover, Lion!' But that stone dog wasn't to be wheedled into friendship. He lay there as dogged as ever. The old lady exhausted every means she could think of to coax or to frighten the cur; but there he lay with his head on his outstretched paws, looking fast asleep or all ready for a spring, just as one happened to fancy. The old lady had to give it up finally, but she held the fort longer than any of the rest of them.

"Why, that dog has paid for himself over and over again. I don't know how much he saved me when he scared the old lady away, and nobody can reckon how many coats and trousers he kept out of the hands of the vase men. Mrs. Biggs, you know, is just gone on vases, and if one comes in her way she will have it, even if she has to sacrifice my entire wardrobe. But the biggest saving was in fruit. The boys used to come around to sample my pears and apples, but as soon as they got a sight of that stone dog, they scattered. Oh! what fun I have had, watching them.

"And you should have seen the way the cats would get their backs up at that dog! How they would spit, and how they would scamper up the nearest tree, and sit there watching my stony friend, and when they thought they had a good chance, run down again and make off like all possessed!

"It was fun, too, to see the dogs manœuvre. They would come along, and when they saw my stone dog, they would jump over the fence and try all sorts of dog ways to make friends with him; but to all their blandishments he paid not the slightest attention. Some would show fight, and come at him snorting and growling; but he stood his ground so well that they didn't dare to come too near, and when they turned their backs, they kept their heads over their shoulders, as though they expected he would be on to them every minute. Some of the dogs, who had come to be sociable and friendly, finding that their advances were met with stony indifference, walked off with an air of offended pride, as much as to say, 'Oh, very well, you needn't notice us if you don't want to; guess we are as good as you, any day in the week!' Others, timid little fellows, would steal up on their bellies until they got within a couple of rods of my dog, and then, their courage forsaking them, they would turn tail and scurry down the walk, kicking up clouds of dust and making the air musical with their ki-yies.

"Yes," said Biggs, after stopping a few moments to laugh over the scenes that came to his mind, "if you want to have fun, buy a stone dog. There's nothing like it."

—Boston Transcript.

A Baffled Bridegroom.

Aunt Targood's gander had been the terror of many well-meaning people, and of some evil-doers, for many years. I have seen tramps and pack-peddlers enter the gate, and start on toward the door, when there would sound that ringing warning like a war-blast, "Honk, honk!" and in a few minutes these unwelcome people would be gone. Farm-house boarders from the city would sometimes enter the yard, thinking to draw water by the old well-sweep; in a few minutes it was customary to hear shrieks, and to see women and children flying over the walls, followed by air-rendering "honks!" and jubilant cackles from the victorious gander and his admiring family. Aunt Targood sometimes took summer boarders. Among those that I remember was the Reverend Mr. Bonney, a fervent-souled Methodist preacher. He put the gander to flight with the cart-whip, on the second day after his arrival, and seemingly to aunt's great grief; but he never was troubled by the feathered tyrant again.

Young couples sometimes came to Father Bonney to be married; and, one summer afternoon, there rode up to the gate a very young couple, who we afterward learned had "run away;" or, rather, had attempted to get married without their parents' approval. The young bridegroom hitched the horse, and helped from the carriage the gayly-dressed miss he expected to make his wife. They started up the walk upon the run, as though they expected to be followed, and haste was necessary to prevent the failure of their plans.

"Honk!"

They stopped. It was a voice of authority.

"Just look at him!" said the bride. "Oh! oh!"

The bridegroom cried "Shoo!" but he might as well have said "Shoo" to a steam-engine. On came the gander, with his head and neck upon the ground. He seized the lad by the calf of his leg, and made an immediate application of his wings. The latter seemed to think he had been attacked by dragons. As soon as he could shake him off he ran. So did the bride, but in another direction; and while the two were thus perplexed and discomfited, the bride's father appeared in a carriage, and gave her a most forcible invitation to ride home with him. She accepted it without discussion. What became of the bridegroom, or how the matter ended, we never knew.

—St. Nicholas.

A little boy in one of our city German schools, while engaged in defining words, a few weeks since, made a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whiskey, or any other intoxicating liquor." He was probably thinking of demijohn.

In the Fourth Night of the Watch.

Lo, in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smite in their teeth,
The hoarse winds chafe beneath
With muffled roar.
Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won, half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.
And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.
Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless huddled fright
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us, that strain
Over life's moaning main,
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes
And cry for fear.
A strange voice whispers low,
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved lands,
For churchyard rest.
Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Still each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

—Good Words.

Tarring a Rat.

Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike tar more, perhaps, than anything else, for if it once gets on their jackets, they find it most difficult to remove. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy, also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes and make fresh ones in another part of the house; they don't, however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat-trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and the next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest that I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I let loose into his favorite run. The next night I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortunes which had so suddenly befallen them, or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never came back to the house again.

—Chambers' Journal.

Santa Claus.

Martie's home was at the top of a tall tenement house on an out-of-the-way street. There were many other families in the house. She and her mother had lived there since her father's vessel had gone down in the August gale. Before then her home had been in a pleasant little house, with a bit of garden, where her mother had sung while she worked among the flowers. But now her mother never sang. She wept at night and at morning, and had grown thin and pale.

Across the little hall, on the same floor with Martie and her mamma, lived Mrs. Macdonald and her tall son, Captain Angus, who were very kind to the little Scotch girl. More than once Captain Angus had kept Martie's hand clasped in his, as they mounted the dark flights of stairs together. Mrs. Macdonald's husband and her two eldest sons had been lost at sea. She had hoped that her remaining boy would follow some occupation on shore, but all land pursuits seemed dull and distasteful to him.

Christmas was near, and Martie, remembering other Christmas days, was glad with childish anticipation, that her mother's sorrow could not wholly destroy. Her mother, with only half enough money to pay the rent due in another week, with no work, and no stores for the winter, saw no way of making a merry Christmas for Martie. She tried to reason with her, and explained as carefully as possible that there was in reality no Santa Claus. Martie was somewhat depressed, but she rushed home from school the next day in great glee. "O mamma!" she cried, "there is a Santa Claus, after all. It tells about him in the big reading-book. I heard the big girls read it, and I saw his picture, and he was getting in at the top of a chimney."

Then Martie's mamma in sheer desperation took refuge in saying that Santa Claus came down big chimneys, and that their chimney was very, very small. Martie's face clouded, but presently brightened again. "Then I'll hang my stocking out of the window," she said. "I'm sure Santa will see it, and put something in it."

And Martie took so much pleasure in thinking about it, that it was finally settled that the stocking should be hung out of the window. Her mother had consented the more readily since there was something to put in Martie's stocking after all, a pair of mittens and a tiny bright basket that Angus had brought from the bay the summer before.

And so, Christmas Eve, Martie fastened her stocking to the nail outside the window, and went to bed. Her mother intended to rise early and slip the little gifts into the stocking before Martie should awake; but she sat in sorrowful thought till the last spark of the fire was out and the room was cold, and she lay awake thinking—thinking, long after she had crept into bed beside Martie.

But she slept at last, and was aroused in the winter dawn by Martie's opening the window to get her stocking. "It is too bad that I have slept so late," she thought, expecting each minute to hear Martie's expression of disappointment. But Martie closed the window carefully, and after a little silence danced gayly into the bedroom with her stocking in her hand.

"O mamma!" she cried, "there is something in it soft and warm. O see, mamma! See! It is a birdie, a dear little birdie, and it is alive, and it is a yellow bird! O what a good, good Santa Claus!"

"Why, Martie, dear," said her mother, "I do believe it is—yes, it is a canary, and the poor little thing is nearly frozen. It must have crept into the stocking for shelter."

Martie hugged it close to her breast and caressed it gently. Presently it showed signs of returning life and animation, hopped about a little on the bed into which Martie had crept again, then tried its wings, flying from perch to perch in the room, and, to Martie's great delight, to her outstretched finger. What a happy little girl was

Martie!—and when there came suddenly a gust of delicious song her rapture was inexpressible.

In the tenement just across the hall Captain Angus was preparing to go out.

"You'll come home to dinner, wont you, Angus?" said his mother.

"I don't know," he said; "I won't promise. I shall see some of the boys down street, I suppose. I may be at home and I may not."

"I sha'n't have a bit of appetite if I sit down alone," said his mother.

"You'll have the more dinner," he said, jestingly. "I'm sure there's turkey enough for you, for the boss gave me a larger one yesterday than ever before."

"I do not care for the turkey unless you are here," said his mother. "If you will only promise to come to dinner, Angus, I should feel so much happier all the forenoon."

Captain Angus hesitated with the door open. He was successful in his trips, and earned a large amount yearly, and if he had always used his money wisely, he might have given his mother a better home long ago. But he was often out late at night, and sometimes climbed the stairs with a very unsteady step.

As he stood, delaying to give the promise, a flood of song fell suddenly on his ears. Did he hear aright? Was it the song of a bird? What visions it called up of his happy boyhood! When had he heard the song of a bird before?

Just then Martie opened her mother's door and slipped out, quickly closing it behind her. "O, Captain Angus!" she cried; "please come in and see my little live birdie that Santa Claus has brought! And your mother must come too! And, oh! I thank you for the pretty basket. And my birdie has eaten some of my breakfast, and I'll give him some more when I come back, so that you can see him eat."

Captain Angus and his mother went in to see the wonderful little bird, so tame that it would alight on any finger that was held out for it, and give ripples and trills of enchanting melody. Captain Angus glanced about the room, and noted Martie's breakfast of dry bread, part of which she was saving for the bird.

"I'm going down street, and I'll get you some seed for your bird," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Martie; "how good you are! And Mr. Theodore has some stuff that he can make a cage of, and he says he'll make one after he comes back from the church. They all love you, don't they, you darling, darling birdie!"

Captain Angus stepped back across the hall with his mother. "It does not look as though they were going to have much dinner in there," he said. "Suppose you invite them in here."

"Oh, yes! dear, there'll be enough for all, and you'll come home, of course, if we have company to dinner?"

"Yes," said Angus; "and I'll bring some nuts and candy, and we'll have a merry Christmas together."

"Now, Heaven bless that bird!" said Mrs. Macdonald, as Angus went down the stairs. "It has made a happy Christmas for me."

And in good season she heard his step on the stairs, and he came in laden with packages. And the invited guests came, and the bird was brought in too, and Theodore bought some bamboo and made a little cage that was, in Martie's eyes, a wonderful structure. It was a delicious dinner, and a happy company. Even Martie's mamma forgot to be sad.

Not a bird's flight away from the tall old tenement house where Martie lived was a stately house, beautiful without and richly furnished within. On a sofa in the parlor lay a little girl, the only child of the house. On a table before her were many beautiful gifts—books, pictures, dolls, toys, bonbons, games, an exquisite little watch, a tiny ring; everything that a little girl might desire.

But mamma noticed the empty bird-cage. "Why, Pet, where is your bird?" she asked. "I have not heard it to-day."

"Oh, I took it out of the cage last night and forgot to put it back," said Pet.

"And the house was so warm in the night that papa opened the bath-room window, and Fluff must have flown away. I hope the poor little thing did not freeze. But I am glad he's gone. My head aches, and he always did sing so loud when I had a headache; and then I sha'n't have to think to feed him every day any more. But he must miss his pretty cage," and Pet looked at the beautiful cage of silver wire that had been manufactured expressly for Fluff.

But in the Macdonald tenement the bird clung contentedly to his bamboo perch, and missed not at all the cage of silver wire, and his occasional gushes of liquid melody gladdened the hearts of all his listeners; Mrs. Macdonald, happy that her son had spent Christmas at home; Martie's mamma, more hopeful and cheerful than was her wont; and happy little Martie, nestled in Captain Angus's strong arms, with her eyes fixed ever on her precious singing-bird, most wonderful gift of dear old Santa Claus.

—Shortened from S. G. D., in Boston Evening Transcript.

The Red-Time Story.

Two little girls in their night-gowns,

As white as the newest snow,

And Ted in his little flannel suit,

Like a fur-clad Esquimaux,

Beg just for a single story

Before they creep to bed;

So, while the room is summer warm,

And the coal-grate cheery red,

I huddle them close and cosey

As a little flock of sheep,

Which I, their shepherd, strive to lead

Into the fold of sleep,

And tell them about the daughter

Of Pharaoh, the king,

Who went to bathe at the river-side,

And saw such a curious thing,

'Mong the water-flags half-hidden,

And just at the brink afloat;

It was neither drifting trunk nor bough,

Nor yet was an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded,

Inside, a soft green braid;

'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,

In which a babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens

To fetch it to her side;

And when she opened the little ark,

Behold the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrew children,"

With pitying voice she said,

And perhaps a tender tear was dropped

Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,

Who had waited near to see

That harm came not, and she trembling asked,

"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse." And the mother

Was brought—the very one

Who had made the cradle of bulrushes

To save her little son.

And the princess called him Moses:

God saved him thus to bless

His chosen people as their guide

Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood,

And saw their wrongs and woes,

Filled with the courage of the Lord,

His mighty spirit rose,

And with faith and love and patience,

And power to command,

He placed their homeless, weary feet

At last in the promised land.

—Clara Doty Bates.

Nobody's Dog.

Only a dirty black-and-white dog!
 You can see him any day,
 Trotting meekly from street to street:
 He almost seems to say,
 As he looks in your face with wistful
 eyes,
 "I don't mean to be in your way."

His tail hangs drooping between his
 legs;
 His body is thin and spare:
 How he envies the sleek and well-fed
 dogs,
 That thrive on their masters' care!
 And he wonders what they must
 think of him,
 And grieves at his own hard fare.

Sometimes he sees a friendly face,—
 A face that he seems to know;
 And thinks it may be the master
 That he lost so long ago;
 And even dares to follow him home,
 For he loved his master so!

Poor Jack! He's only mistaken
 again,
 And stoned and driven back;
 But he's used to disappointments
 now,
 And takes up his beaten track;
 Nobody's dog, for whom nobody
 cares,—
 Poor unfortunate Jack!

—Fred B. King.

The Value of Sticking.

The shortest letter on record
 is that of Senator Sumner to
 Secretary Stanton when Presi-
 dent Johnson was trying to oust
 the latter from his Cabinet. It
 was "Stick." That one word
 contains a whole philosophy of
 life for those who are wise
 enough to read it aright.
 "Stick and hang, young man,"
 says Josh Billings in some of
 his aphorisms; "Don't forget
 that it is the last six inches that
 win the race."

The Little Benefactress.

It was a very cold winter, and the birds found
 it hard picking. Little Minna every morning
 swept up the crumbs that were left on the table,
 and saved them for the birds. Twice a day she
 went out in the yard and scattered the crumbs
 about. The birds flew down and picked them up.
 Her father and mother were glad to see how
 kind little Minna was to the hungry birds.

"Why do you do that?" they asked one day.
 "Everything is covered with snow and ice,"
 said Minna, "so that the little things can pick up
 nothing, and they are hungry and helpless; so I
 feed them as rich people help the poor."

"But you cannot care for all the birds," said
 her father.

"But," answered Minna, "all other children
 can certainly do as I do, and so all the birds will
 be supplied."

Then the father and mother kissed their child
 and said, "You are our good little Minna; be al-
 ways kind to all people, and animals too."

—Translated from the German, by Lucy Wheelock.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.



NOBODY'S DOG.

A Horse Ghost.

Several weeks ago, a sorrel
 horse, known to the patrons of
 the Cushing House stable as the
 Nason horse, was sent by Mr.
 Cushing to pasture at South
 Hingham, as the animal was
 sick and unfit for work. Arriv-
 ed at the pasture, the horse
 stumbled over a low wall and
 fell, and as the boy who had it
 in charge could not get it upon
 its feet again, he returned to the
 stable and reported to Mr. Cush-
 ing that the horse was dying.
 Thinking it hard that the animal
 should linger along, Mr. Cush-
 ing started for the pasture arm-
 ed with an axe to put an end to
 the animal's suffering, but when
 he arrived there the horse had
 strayed off and could not be
 found. On being questioned
 by the foreman of the stable,
 Mr. Cushing jokingly reported
 the horse as dead; but after
 remaining in the pasture some
 weeks it regained its health, and
 last Wednesday came trotting
 up the stable yard. Mr. Vin-
 ing, the foreman of the stable,
 recognized the animal which he
 supposed was dead and buried,
 and his face when he first laid
 eyes on it was a study. Mr.
 Cushing on being asked if that
 was a horse he raised, replied,
 "Yes—from the dead."

—Hingham Journal.

Faithful prayer always im-
 plies correlative exertion; and
 no man can ask honestly and
 hopefully to be delivered from
 temptation unless he has him-
 self honestly and firmly deter-
 mined to do the best he can to
 keep out of it. —John Ruskin.

A Touching Incident.

A stranger in Denver stopped on the sidewalk
 and manifested deep interest in a broken-down,
 spavined black horse that was doing his best to
 draw a load while a cart driver was vigorously
 belaboring him. The poor beast tugged again in
 vain. At length the stranger called, in a low tone,
 "Raven! Raven!" The horse looked up with in-
 telligence, glanced furtively around, and made
 for the stranger, drawing the cart out of the rut.
 He whinnied with delight, and then rubbed his
 nose against the stranger's shoulder. The stran-
 ger had known him when he was king of the turf
 in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado, making
 mints of money for his owner, the notorious and
 improvident desperado, Clary Allison. The des-
 perado broke the horse down and then broke him-
 self down and the horse was sold to a drayman.

In the old age of the horse when he has ceased
 to be useful to those who have kindly cared for
 him, and has passed into the hands of brutal men,
 then his only help comes from our humane Soci-
 eties established for his protection. EDITOR.

Extract from Henry Ward Beecher's letter to
 Bonner on the death of the Auburn horse:—

"Ought he not to have respect in death, especially
 as he has no chance hereafter? But are we so cer-
 tain about that? Does not moral justice require
 that there should be some green pasture-land here-
 after for good horses? say—old family horses that
 have brought up a whole family of their master's
 children and never run away in their lives? Doc-
 tor's horses, that stand, unhitched, hours, day and
 night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the
 work of intended humanity goes on? Omnibus
 horses that are jerked and pulled, licked and
 kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding
 pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that
 died for their country on the field of battle, or
 wore out their constitutions in carrying noble gen-
 erals through field and flood, without once flinch-
 ing from the hardest duty? Or my horse, my old
 Charley, the first horse that ever I owned; of racing
 stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's
 driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as
 my child was?"

The Mutilation of Dogs.

Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the judges at the dog show in London, Eng., endeavored to exclude all dogs that had been mutilated by ear-cropping or otherwise. The principal reason (says a correspondent) for Sir Edwin Landseer's protest is, that the cropping of ears is most cruel and hurtful to the dog. The cruelty complained of is not in the operation; that, after all, is a small matter. It consists in depriving the animal of a defence which Nature has given to it against the entrance of earth and sand into the ears. The entrance of these into the ears distresses the dog much, causing deafness, abscesses and cancer. All dogs, more or less require to be protected from sand and earth by overlapping ears; but especially do terriers—literally "earth dogs"—the species which, of all others, is most persecuted by cropping. They go into a burrow, their ears get full of sand, and they suffer ever afterwards. Surely Sir Edwin Landseer is right in saying that judges of dogs ought not to sanction such gross treatment of the animal, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look to the practice. The only excuse that can be set up for this system is a delusive one. It is said that fighting dogs fare better with their ears cropped, and the exigencies of fighting dogs have set the fashion for all others. It is true that if an ear be gone it cannot be torn, but then it is forgotten that even for fighting purposes the ear is often a protection. All these fighting dogs have what are called "points." One has his way of seizing the leg, another fixes upon the throat, and yet another makes a dash at the large gland behind the ear, which in the dog is as sensitive as the most sensitive gland in the human body. Deprive the dog of his ear, and the assailant can get a good bite at it, and lay his adversary low. Leave the dog his ear, and the assailant's grasp of the sensitive gland is impeded by the folds of the ear and rendered much more feeble. Thus, even to the fighting dog, the long ear is a positive defence.

A Dove That Died for Love.

A female dove, whose peculiar actions for some time past gave it the name of the "crazy dove," was killed near Elmira, N. Y., on Saturday, under these curious circumstances:—

The bird was one of a pair that belonged to a young lady living near the Erie Railway track, a mile or two from Rathboneville. A few months ago, in flying across the railroad track, the male bird came in contact with the smokestack of the Pacific express locomotive. It was killed instantly, and was thrown suddenly out of the sight of its companion. The female circled about in the air for a few minutes, in evident amazement at the sudden disappearance of her mate. She then flew to a mile post near by, and for a long time gave utterance to the mournful notes peculiar to the species. Suddenly she seemed to realize what had carried her companion from her, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had taken.

She did not return for a long time. When she did return she alighted at her cote, where she remained for the rest of the day uttering her plaintive cries. The next morning, just before 7 o'clock, she flew to her position on the mile post, near the spot where her mate had disappeared the day before. When the express train came along she flew at the locomotive, hovering about the smoke stack and cab as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the train for about half a mile, and then returned.

Every day she repeated her strange actions, taking her place at her lookout on the mile post at exactly the same time, and waiting for the train, no matter how late it might be, and then going through the same manoeuvres, and returning to her cote to mourn as before. She ate but little. On Saturday she collided with the smoke stack of the express train locomotive, just as her mate had done, and met the same fate at nearly the same spot.

—Boston Pilot, Dec. 29.

Wagner's Dog.

In none of the accounts of Wagner's funeral was mention made of the fact that the mausoleum at Wahnfried had been used already. When the composer's dog Russ was poisoned by some miscreant, a few years since, his remains were placed in the tomb destined to receive the body of his master. Wagner had carved by the entrance to the mausoleum the effigy of his favorite in an attitude of repose, and underneath the legend, "Here Russ rests, and waits."

Hon. Thos. E. Hill of Chicago, Vice President of the Ill. Society, has published one of the most beautiful, interesting, and useful books we have ever seen for library or family use, called "Hill's Album of Biography and Art." In addition to over 450 portraits of distinguished persons, over 900 biographies, and over 1000 elegant illustrations of how the world's eminent men have won success, he has given liberal space to "the prevention of cruelty to animals," and a great variety of other useful information. It costs from \$6 to \$12, and we hope it will meet the large sale it deserves. Address 103 State St., Chicago.

We would add that Mr. Hill has been noted for many years, and particularly when Mayor of the City of Aurora, Illinois, for his interest and exertions in our humane work. He is the author of the illustrated tract "Ways of Cruelty," sold by the Illinois Humane Journal, 126 Washington St., Chicago, and which is also published in the Album.

San Francisco.

We are glad to see that the California Society, P. C. A., has recently received \$10,000 from the estate of James Lick, deceased.

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in December.

For beating, 24; overworking and overloading, 18; overdriving 7; driving when lame or galled, 22; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 19; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 4; general cruelty, 35. Total, 126.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 43; warnings issued, 38; not found, 5; not substantiated, 27; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 3; convicted, 3; prosecutions in which the Society aided, 6; convicted, 4.

Animals taken from work, 13; killed, 42.

By Country Agents, Fourth Quarter, 1883.

Whole number of complaints, 414; viz: beating, 24; overloading, 44; overdriving, 40; working when lame or galled, 115; working when diseased, 19; not providing food or shelter, 42; torturing, 5; abandoning, 7; general cruelty, 118.

Remedied without prosecution, 375; not substantiated, 11; prosecuted, 28; convicted, 19.

Animals taken from work, 43; killed, 41.

Receipts by the Society in December.**FINES.**

From Justice's Court,—Canton, \$5. Natick, \$5.

Police Court,—Brookline, \$5.

Superior Court,—Worcester Co., \$25.

Municipal Court,—E. Barre District, \$5.

Witness fees, \$5.10.

Total, \$37.40.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Geo. T. Angell, \$26; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$13.60; A. L. F., \$10; J. C. Braman, \$5; Mrs. E. M. Dunham, \$5; Mrs. H. Smith, \$5.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Solomon Hovey, Jr., E. W. Allen, N. F. Kidder, M. K. Northey, E. B. Greene.

Total, \$71.60.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. A. F. Blain, \$25; Women's Branch Society P. C. to Animals, Flushing, N. Y., \$8; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$4.40; S. M. Taylor, \$8.75; W. D. Hitchcock, \$6.50; W. B. Clark & Carruth, \$3.15; Miss L. M. Phillips, \$3; Lizzie C. Haynes, \$1.50; H. D. Noyes & Co., \$1.20; W. H. Moore, \$1.30.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

C. B. Hilles, J. C. Braman, Ann E. Ladd, C. F. Berry, J. B. T. Tupper, Jno. M. Batchelder, J. E. Bickford, Mary Whicher.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

S. M. Safford, D. K. Stetson, E. Pierce, J. B. Delbridge, Levi Knowles, L. B. Smith, J. Kingman, J. Richmond.

Total, \$73.80.

Publications sold, \$2.95.

Interest, \$486.25.

Total receipts in December, \$684.70.

Mr. Bergh's Society.

Some years since a Frenchman died at New York leaving Mr. Bergh's society between one and two hundred thousand dollars. The will was contested by relatives on the ground of the testator's insanity, as shown by his belief in the immortality of animals; but the court stated that a majority of the human race held the same belief, and sustained the will. This liberal bequest enabled him to erect the beautiful building now occupied by the society. The income of Mr. Bergh's society is very large, and wills have already been made containing legacies to his society to the amount of, we think, more than half a million of dollars.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Bulletin of the Cuban S. P. A. and Plants. Havana, Cuba.
Rhenish-Westphalian. Cologne, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Reports of International Humane Congress. Vienna, Austria.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "	
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "	
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "	
"The Check Reim," by G. T. Angell, .60 "	
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "	
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "	
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "	
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "	
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "	
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "	
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "	
"New Order of Chivalry," by G. T. Angell, 1.00 "	
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "	
"Band of Mercy Melodies," .50 "	

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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